

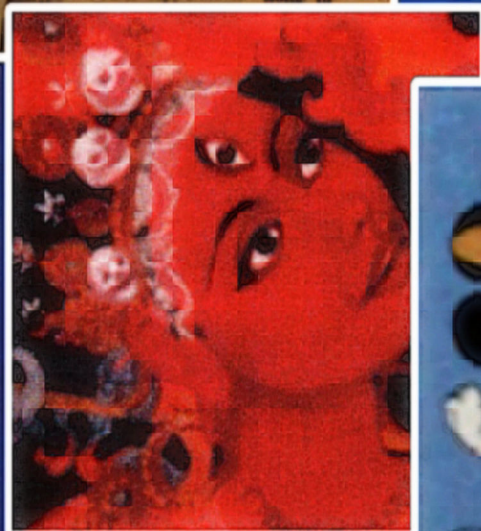
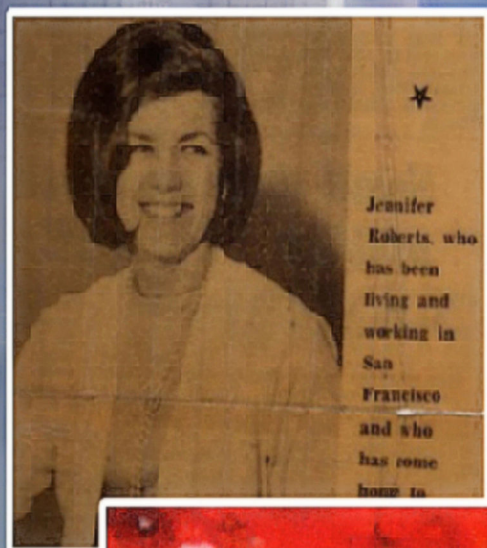


BLACK & WHITE SWAN

BE DUAL LIKE BLACK AND WHITE SWANS!



new age magazine
fifth aeon aquarius age
all hail Eris





UNCONVENTIONAL LOVE TO ALL MY READERS

**Thanks so much for reading
this very issue of our new wave magazine "Black
and White Swan"**

**Knowing there will be some lack of conventional
readership (at least in a traditional sense) You
can already consider yourself to be part of our
cult! As a small introduction, I'm a young
surrealist author from East India! (yes right I'm
from India)**

**My new surrealist horror fiction will be out soon!
If you would like to contribute something or be
part of our small magazine, you can contact me
through our Instagram page! And don't forget to
provide some feedback (only if you feel like)**

Contents

To our readers..

Welcome to Black & White Swan a new realm of literary entertainment designed to satisfy the minds of people with unconventional, out-of-the-box reality tunnels and diverse tastes. Please check out our other social media pages for more mass-media forms of entertainment as well! While offering a wide array of content, the magazine strives to bring forward fresh, unexplored corners of the internet and topics that many others hesitate to touch. This project is deeply personal and artistic. It features psychedelic articles, a special pattern-recognition section, anonymous interviews, and much more. We appreciate all forms of ideas and maintain active involvement with people who seek change or wish to share feedback. Currently, we are only able to distribute our issues digitally, but we will consider a printed zine format in the future if possible. Our magazine draws inspiration from both well-established and niche sources (Playboy magazine, for instance), while maintaining a unique of its own. Each issue is edited around various themes, but our primary focus remains on new-wave entertainment, occult topics, and introspection.

For now, everything is written by Abhishek Sharma (who is also the creator of Black & White Swan), but we are open to new writers, editors, and artists in the future. Some of our new articles include contemplations on INTERNET & DREAMS, POSTMODERNISM, and SURREAL CINEMA. Sections like "DEATH IS THE ULTIMATE ABSURDITY OF LIFE" and "APOPHENIA 255" lean more toward personal reflection and mental health. If there are any copyright issues, please contact us through our website. We hope you enjoy this ride.

Thank you.
Be dual.
And embrace duality.



NEW WAVE INTERNET

Internet & Dreams, Cyberpunk Consciousness! Why internet and dreams are similar? Is algorithm consciousness? Mystical anonymous experiences and digital ghosts.



THIS IS HOW I MET GOD

Postmodern Narratives, who's THE ALL and who's the actual dreamer? Babalon and Judy, Twin peaks and Mr Robot

Psychodelia Junkbox!



MANIFESTOS

NAYAK THE WRITER
Is there really any true literary movements in India?

DEATH IS THE ULTIMATE ABSURDITY OF LIFE

ANONYMOUS INTERVIEWS

A rabbit and a kitten?

CINEMA

Lord Brahma and Om Dar Ba Dar

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Hermiticism
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Telegram
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Timothy Leary
Satyajit Ray

Black Comedy
Om Dar Ba Dar
Letterboxd
23/5 Discordian
Principia Discordia



BE DUAL LIKE

**BLACK & WHITE
SWAN**



internet & dreams

Do yall remember this scene from Satoshi Kano Paprika, which later inspired a very famous movie “inception?”.

This dialogue may seem odd, but what if I told you that every dream you experience in your inner life and every activity you engage in online are reflections of one another?

I understand this might sound strange, yet if we embrace this idea, we'll see that we all lead an inner life. Each of us has two types of existence: an outer life and an inner one. The outer life, our consciousness operates on the surface, while in the inner life, our subconscious and hidden aspects become active at different moments, especially when the line between the physical and spiritual realms blurs. But that's an entirely separate topic! What I truly mean is that both the internet and dreams are bizarre and complex, and both reside within the intangible metaphysical realm. In this dimension, symbols abound, and they significantly influence our psychological state.



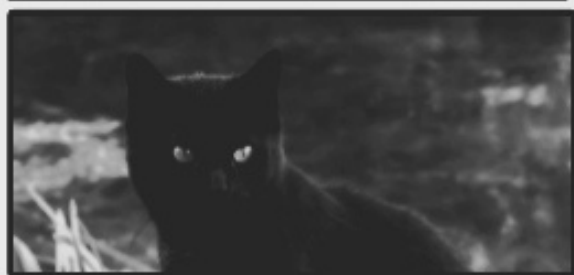
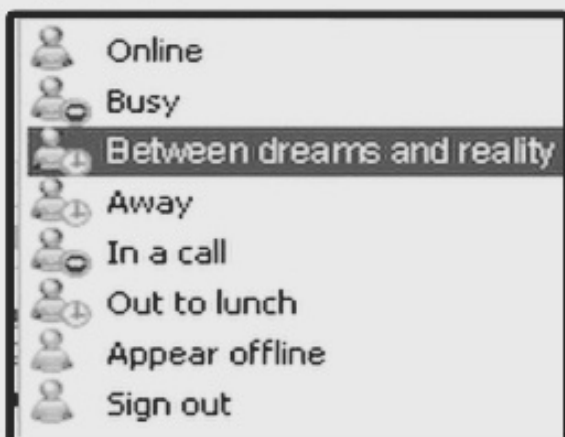
As the renowned philosopher and psychologist Carl Jung adapted Freud's concepts to explain, dreams harbor psychological archetypes and shadows that transcend even the metaphysical level (almost reaching a pataphysical state), like the anima and animals representing brain functions. Similar elements can also be observed in the digital world. Here's a story to illustrate this fascinating story.

About a month ago, I had a peculiar dream where I was chatting with an odd Russian woman discussing castration and strawberries. That same night, I dreamed of a goddess-like figure, which felt somewhat fantastical, but I distinctly able to remember these two words: castration and strawberries.

To my surprise, I later searched these words on Telegram and found a page titled *Castrated Strawberries About to Dance*. The profile picture showed a woman with bangle-like hair, dressed in a black latex suit. She was Russian, and her very appearance reminded me of a character I had created for my unpublished book's first draft. In the book, a female character, in one scene, saves the protagonist while wearing the same latex suit, with an identical hairstyle. The situation became even eerier when I noticed a tarot card of death posted on the page, alongside symbols like Marlboro cigarettes, a black dog, a kitten, and a small diary elements I had already included in my novel.



These surreal coincidences posted by a mysterious person, whom I tried to contact but who grew fearful, compelled me to write this article. These uncanny experiences transcend physical reality.



So, the question arises: What exactly are the internet and dreams in relation to human consciousness?

In this context, I believe the internet represents an expansive, externalized network of our collective thoughts functioning as a digital extension of the human mind. Both the internet and dreams are vast because they operate beyond the metaphysical realm, influenced by different energies and frequencies. The internet enables the sharing of ideas, theories, and emotions, forming an interconnected web between the real and dream worlds. According to esoteric belief, "as above, so below" nothing happens randomly, and everything has a purpose, as we are all interconnected. This connection is present in both our dreams, where we may communicate with spirits, and the internet (once again, my story illustrates this idea).

THE INTERNET AS A METAPHYSICAL PLANE

As I mentioned, even the smallest elements of the internet resonate with high levels of energy and vibration. Every thought and action carries its own energy. The internet can be perceived as a metaphysical realm because, like the dream world, it lacks tangible borders or form, yet it hums with countless voices, texts, and media.



THIS IS 2025 & DO YOU LIKE MAGICK? MAGICK? MAGICK? THEN FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM

In dreams, events often occur out of sequence, without a linear structure. One moment you could be rescuing someone, and the next, riding a horse, yet it all feels natural. In the same way, the internet's hyperlinks and user-driven navigation create non-linear pathways through information. Dreams manifest based on our actions and thoughts, and our subconscious brings them to life just as many believe this universe is a manifestation of God's imagination, and we are part of a dream. The physical world, though infinite, revolves around the illusion of maya.

Dreams, similarly, manifest bizarre yet meaningful occurrences from other realms of existence. In the digital world, minor elements can have a profound impact due to algorithms, a phenomenon akin to the butterfly effect. Small, seemingly insignificant details in our dreams often magnify to convey deeper meaning. Likewise, in the internet, small actions can lead to viral phenomena, magnifying beyond their initial scope. Algorithms, much like the subconscious, alter these states just as we shift consciousness in dreams.

Similarly, dreams, which are boundless, also pulsate with numerous voices in the personalized way our minds create. The space beyond the borders of dreams and the internet can be accepted as a metaphysical realm.

Both the internet and dreams exist within the non-physical planes of the universe, vibrating with energy throughout. The next aspect involves altered physical laws, such as time. In both the dream and online realms, time behaves mysteriously. Time can be bent or manipulated in these pataphysical realms information travels instantly online, and dreams rarely adhere to a time-based framework. This occurs because they don't exist on the physical plane. The internet defies the conventional understanding of speed and distance: you can communicate across the globe, regardless of geographical constraints, and time zone differences are irrelevant. The internet also preserves past interactions, functioning like a kind of time machine.

You can revisit a favorite YouTube song, reliving the emotional experience as if it were fresh, similar to recurring dreams.



PARALLEL REALITIES: INTERNET , DREAMS , AKASHIC RECORDS & COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS

We often consider dreams as portals to parallel realities, an idea echoed in numerous mystical texts and novels. This idea is also reflected in the internet, which can be seen as a bridge to parallel universes. The internet contains countless virtual worlds where users create idealized personas—social media and other platforms offer glimpses of alternate realities. In lucid dreaming, individuals control their minds and create personalized worlds, much like how we shape realities in the digital realm, mirroring the concept of parallel universes.

The term Akashic records originates from theosophy and esoteric knowledge, describing a vast, non-physical library containing all knowledge, accessible by transcending the astral plane through prayer, meditation, and other rituals. The astral plane connects the physical and spiritual realms, and entities such as demons, angels, and spirits dwell here. Similarly, the internet can be viewed as a vast repository of information extending beyond human understanding not only in the surface web but also in the deep web. The internet holds limitless knowledge, much like the Akashic records, and anyone inclined to explore it can access this information, with the browser serving as the boat and the user as the sailor, mirroring how spiritual seekers navigate the Akashic records.



The Akashic records contain information from every timeline past, present, and future just as the internet holds historical and contemporary data. Even your personal experiences, once uploaded to the web, become part of this record, much like memories stored in REM sleep. Spiritual masters access the Akashic records through deep meditation to attain superior knowledge, while internet users can similarly access the vast knowledge available online if they are so inclined. Like the subconscious mind, internet algorithms operate beneath the surface, subtly altering and recognizing our experiences, emotions, thoughts, and intellect. These algorithms present content that aligns with our interests, just as our subconscious mind projects objects based on our emotions and thoughts, without conscious awareness. The subconscious mind stores intricate details of our fears, desires, emotions, and perceptions of reality, many of which are beyond human comprehension. Similarly, internet algorithms track our clicks, searches, and behaviors, reflecting our personalities across cyberspace. Both the subconscious and internet algorithms reinforce habitual behaviors through repeated patterns, just as the mind constantly revisits past experiences in dreams. Both forces remain hidden yet influential, affecting our emotions in both the digital and physical worlds. Moreover, both reflect our deepest desires. From an occult perspective, it is believed that our subconscious can manifest our desires into reality through focused intention and energy. Similarly, internet algorithms reveal content aligned with our desires, unconsciously mirroring our inner selves in the digital realm.



this is how i met god

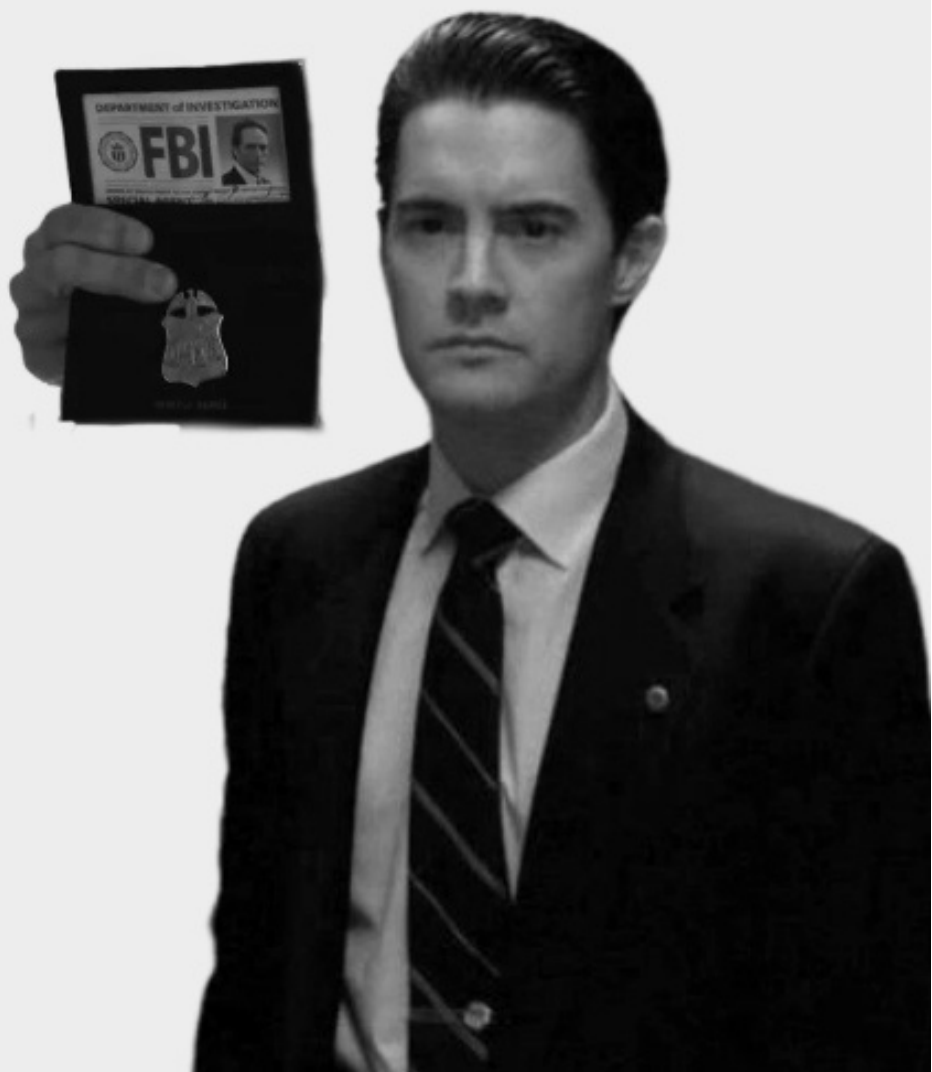
Every story is a circle. And every story either ends with a blackout, where chaos takes control and you float in a pool of infinity, or with a dream, where you are illuminated, but only as another ontological entity. We see this pattern countless times in mass media, TV shows, and movies, especially in postmodern narratives, where the show, film, or piece of literature seems to mirror our own lives.

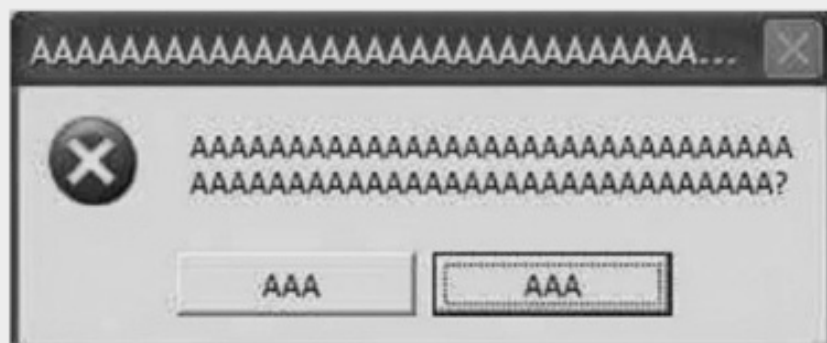
There's an invisible communication between the two, even if you're pirating the movie or watching it on an old, broken VHS tube TV. The medium doesn't care; what matters are the patterns and quantum superpositions. This explains why such narratives feel magical. At certain moments in our lives, we perceive psychological events as magical and magical events as psychological. Yet under illumination, the distinction dissolves. When one truly achieves illumination, people in the "real" world who still insist on those distinctions appear as mere cartoon characters.

That's why, in every occult system, take Hermeticism for example, it is said that The All is imagining the universe. But unlike us, The All imagines infinitely, while we imagine finitely.

At the same time, our experiences can sometimes be interpreted as infinite, while the fictional characters we observe live finitely, only to guide us in their own way. We are all, somehow, the Illuminati and the FBI, the CIA and the Discordians, the sexist and the feminist, the submissive and the dominant, the heterosexual and the homosexual, in the various ways we perceive the world.

Our whole life is a projection of desire, seeking satisfaction either externally or internally. Because we are finite, we cannot clearly distinguish the external from the internal, the schizophrenic from the shaman.





This veil becomes thinnest in dreams, when there is no true mystery, but we still perceive one. There lies a fragile boundary between our inner and outer desires, a line we forget yet which lingers in our psychic field. When we awaken, balance returns, for it is necessary both for The All to dream and for you to live as trippy as possible, for The All dreams through you. There is a concept called Turiya in the Mandukya Upanishad, meaning ultimate realization. It's the state in which we recognize that nothing external can fulfill our desires, just as nothing can end our mysteries. In seeking to decipher them, we only multiply them. And when there is nothing left to imagine or decode, no desire left to feel, we reach a non-dual state. We become universal, invisible entities.

That is what your imaginative friends represent. We often see fictional characters breaking the fourth wall, sometimes directly by looking into the camera, sometimes through subtler means. Either way, they acknowledge us. For these characters, we are the universal beings, their invisible friends without shape or form. They do not imagine us specifically, we are simply unseen, omnipresent. That's what makes us universal in their timeline. We are like the illuminated ones. We perceive our world through our senses, in vivid realism and depth, but when we look at them, they appear unreal, fictional, existing beyond our axis of understanding. And yet, to them, we are illuminated. To us, they are finite.



Similarly, we too exist in a kind of fiction. Albert Camus once said, in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, that a person can commit suicide in two ways. If dissatisfied with life and desire, he may end his life literally, or he may take refuge in a belief, a religion, a faith that lends meaning to his life. But even that, Camus says, is a philosophical suicide, because it surrenders to the absurd.

And in a similar way, we too surrender.

We imagine God in countless forms, Kali, Krishna, Jesus Christ, Hekate, Allah, Muhammad, Eris. Yet all these illuminated figures ultimately tell us that their true nature is universal.

Just as we are universal for fictional characters, we can reach a similar illumination by attaining a non-dual state, by uncovering the truth hidden in our Chapel Perilous journey.

(Chapel Perilous is a term given by Robert Anton Wilson, a mystic author and visionary. Chapel Perilous basically means a state when we are not able to understand reality and divine experiences.)

When we finally discover that truth, we lose our individual existence. We become faceless ghosts in others' dreams, free from the trap of the demiurge.

We are no longer investigators, with nothing left to investigate, we drift in imagination, merging with The All.



DO YOU LIKE SPIRITS? WANNA TALK WITH ONE? CONTACT US

Our daily objects, our phones, computers, video games, become channels through which we communicate with the unexplainable entity. We dream our drug trips into mass media and narratives. We consume stories to understand ourselves. Because deep inside, we already know, the universal resides within us. Just as they say Kali lives in the spine, Kundalini in Hinduism, so too do good and evil coexist within one being.

Your shadow self, in Jung's terms, or Kali Purusha, the demon, the demiurge, Rahu, represents the ignorant aspect.

If we are the curious, truth-seeking investigators, then our shadows are those who fear truth, who seek illusion and chaos to deceive others as well as themselves. And for The All, when you're no longer part of your Chapel Perilous trip, The All ceases to imagine you, because now you have become The All, dreaming another version of yourself, creating an infinite recursion.



A young woman who once died mysteriously could have been an ordinary person, curious about the occult or chaos magick, but in her illumination, she becomes Eris, or Kali, or Hekate herself.

Or perhaps she becomes primordial chaos, the Babylonian goddess, or figures like Judy from Twin Peaks, or Dorcy from my own novel. It's up to you to decide, in your own journey, whether you wish to black out forever in the abyss, or to be illuminated again and again and again, for the sake of Illumination itself, to dream and dream and dream, to establish chaos.

In the material world, you may choose instead to be the shadow self, the one who seeks order within chaos, who becomes as wise as the Illuminati cults, while the chaos-illuminated ones grow as mystical and paranoid as the Discordians.

Because somehow even if we agree or not, we do like calling stories of our various deities mythology, don't we? Witches and devotees of certain deities create hypothetical theories of how certain fictional characters for them represent their deities. (I am saying this because I had done this and I'm not alone in this.)

In the end, my message is simple:
You are the magician of your own life.
Your life can be as surreal or as ordinary as you allow it to be.
You are also Kali, and Brahma.

And you are the universal audience of what we like to call God.

Welcome Welcome
Welcome Welcome



BONSOIR FRIEND
DO YOU LIKE PUZZLES?
REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A
KID, YOU USED TO SOLVE
SOME IN THOSE OLD
NEWSPAPERS AND DISNEY
MAGAZINES!

HIDDEN IN THE VERY CODE IS A TEXT THAT
CAN LEAD YOU TO SOMETHING UNKNOWN, AND
WHEN I SAY "UNKNOWN" I REALLY MEANT IT
YES YOU MAY FEEL LIKE A VIGILANTE
HACKER FOR A WHILE, AND THESE WORDS,
THEY REALLY ARE SPECIAL MY FRIEND??
RIGHT??

RW50ZXIgdGhlI
G5ldyB3YXZlIG
FxYXJpdXMgY
Wd1LCBIYWlsI
HRvIHRoZSBnb
2RkZXNzIG9mI
GN0YW9z



Nightwave Plaza

991 701-2

stereo/mono THE PLATTERS / 18 CLASSIC TRACKS Spectrum

The Best Of
The Platters
RETURN TO THE 1950s / THE GREAT AMERICAN

My Prayer 私の祈り

The Platters

02:15 / 02:45

Play 0

Listeners: 201

birds singing a pretty song

Why, in this world of animated bodies,
Do I so often see myself as a ghost?
Some call me a magician,
Others call me a pawn.
When the twilights are gone
And the birds are singing a pretty song

The Goddess of Babylon dances in my visions,
Riding a white horse like a fragment of bliss.
To the elephant, I am the investigator;
To the white horse, I am the actor.
To the unicorn, I am the computer;
To the tulpa, I am the disorder;
And to the goddess, I am the cosmic order.
Yet

Why, in this world of animated bodies,
Do I see myself as a ghost?
When the twilights are gone
And the birds are singing a pretty song
The white horse vanished
And became Buddha.
The unicorn dissolved
And became Christ.

Some chanted "Hare Krishna, Hare Hare,"
Others cried "Hail Eris, Hail, Hail."
Buddha whispered, "I am awakened."
Christ murmured, "You are only a pawn."
Do you see the numbers
Twenty-three and four-four-four-four?
Why, in this world of animated bodies,
Do you see me as a ghost?
When the twilights are gone



psychedelia junkbox

23 October 2023

Dear friend,

Greetings, Here I Am, Your Storyteller. Yes I Am High, Yes I
Don't Promote Drugs Or Any Form Of Violence (but I Am
High) I Am Crafted By A Shitty Writer Who Also Gets High
Sometimes Without Taking Any Drugs. I Apologize For This
Brief Interruption, But I Have A Favor To Ask. Please, As
You Dive Into My Trip, Don't Take My Words To Heart Or
Go Searching For The Drugs And
chemicals Mentioned Within These Pages On The Internet.
Especially If You Happen To Be A College Student With
Inquisitive Parents Who May
check Your Phone! Let This Story Be Your Escape, Your
Sanctuary. Read It At Your Own Pace And Savor Every Word
That Flows From My Narration. Your Enjoyment Is
what Truly Matters.

Love,
Unnamed



P253 My life exists for sure , I know
and I don't need your permission to
mimic a certain life!!
Black & White Swan
Written By Kris..(I don't like his
name, I don't even like my own
author)
What year is this?
2023

Bonsoir friendo

Baphomet?

With purpose in my stride, I decided to pay a visit to a museum of particular interest, each

Step magnified

By my anticipation. And there, amidst the exhibits, I encountered a statue of a patron Sinner deity ,an

Enigmatic figure known as “Baphomet.”

My knowledge of this deity was limited, but his visage left an indelible mark on my Psyche. As I gazed Upon the intricately designed statue from “Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie,” which translates to “Dogma and Ritual of High Magic,” I was drawn to its symbolism. Baphomet, a goat deity worshipped by Satanists, held a unique weapon ,a crescent moon in his lap. Two young children, a boy and a girl of Around five years old, nestled beside him. In the center of the crescent moon, a sword bore two entwined Snakes.

Baphomet’s countenance appeared both formidable and serene. The goat-like face held a significant that Resonated deep within my brain. It was as if I shared a connection with this enigmatic entity.



I couldn't Help but see a reflection of myself in Baphomet's adoration of those children. The goat- faced deity felt Oddly familiar, almost as if I could see myself in his image. Indeed, if you were to take his goat-like visage And instruct a Chat GPT artificial image generating AI to transform it into a human face, you would find The face of YOU staring back at you. My fatigue prompted me to exit the museum's embrace. My gut parasites were feeling uneasy, perhaps Uncomfortable watching me mimic Baphomet.

With Baphomet's image still lingering in my mind, I returned home, my thoughts consumed by an Inexplicable craving for this deity. Near my doorstep, a small 15 CM cardboard box Awaited me. It Contained a medical product I had purchased on the dark web the previous night before you were expecting to read this???



I LOVE HAIKU XD XD!! DO U?

The nucleus of the tail axon mitochondria shifted in
and out, following the same
pattern as it does in Chimpanzee's 46th
chromosome, much like it does in humans. What I'm
feeling is azoospermia, the emptiness in my Corpus
cavernosum and
Spongiosum.

Mitochondria, the powerhouse of the cell, The only
biology I know well.

SO WHAT HAPPENED EXACTLY IN DARK WEB?



Curiosity led me to investigate what the “.onion” domain and IP address 444488 meant. The conclusion was that it might be a dark web site. Despite the late hour, I was drawn into exploring further. To gain access, I had to upload a rather two shots of my eye as proof (hmm) requirement that felt oddly casual in this dark corner of the internet. The site offered an array of unusual products, including animal skins, human cornea cells, And advanced AR machines. Additionally, there was mention of a “bidding agent” named “Agent White Leghorn.” The Cost for hiring him or buying him for a lifetime was a steep \$2000. However, for the Purchase, one needed. A “sinner card” that cost a staggering \$1 million. Intriguingly, the website hinted that the President of America.,OOPS I CANNOT NAME HIM” possessed this elusive card. I’m a auburn haired barbarian toy now! The substance in question is unnamed just like me but one thing I guess its more akin to an elixir than a conventional drug.

It’s a dark
Liquid associated with arcane rituals, and interestingly,
the seller, who goes by the
name “necromancer,”
Didn’t explicitly label it as a drug but rather a product
for certain Satanic rites.



I placed the order at night, and remarkably, the product was delivered to my
doorstep with astonishing Speed faster than a oops bad word haha. Carefully, I set
the box down on my table and removed my \$200 metallic coat.
Afterward, I ingested 200 Mg of methylated codeine, preparing myself for the
intriguing unboxing experience
that lay ahead. As I meticulously peeled of the transparent tape sealing the
cardboard box, I was greeted by a scent that
Sent my histamine levels skyrocketing. It was a nauseating odor that made me feel
like I might retch or Release my gut parasites in the bathroom. Yes, it was
That disgusting, yet strangely enticing. Imagine taking a glass filling it with a mix of
Various bodily
Substances, and blending it at a leisurely pace;
the result would be this
Black substance encased within the polythene bag inside the box. SOME DRUG
YKNOW
SOME DRUGGGGGGG
But you may ask the name of that right?
Well for that
Your dear writer of this dumbass magazine being read by 0.05%
people with 0.08% variations of their reality tunnel will be exposing this drug name
in a novel yes I'm just a tulpa or a character but I'm as real as you hmm
WE MEET AGAIN



nayak: the writer (part one)

Our waking life feels like reality because we treat it as reality.

But it can quickly become a fantasy a dream of guilt and pain where you struggle to impose meaning. That is when dream and reality merge into one, and you no longer know who you are. You try to force yourself into formlessness, but

do you truly want to be formless? Do you even recognize your surroundings? That is what happens when you write. Every artist is a tortured human being. Every artist is abnormal. That is why they write, paint, compose music, or create poetry. Art is both a way to escape fear and to confront it. That, at least, is what I believe art really is.

I may sound like an anarchist in this article, and at times it may sound abstract, but follow me. If you are still reading and following, thank you. I have been thinking of writing this piece for a very long time a very long time and yet I find myself finally writing it now, at the most unexpected moment. Since the day you were born, you must have had a story to tell yourself, haven't you, dear reader? We all have one story, and we all try to make sense of our lives through writing. .

Take Franz Kafka, for example, and his troubled relationship with his father. That wound shaped his sense of paranoia, society itself became his family, his father. Or look at Sylvia Plath, Virginia Woolf, Dostoevsky, or countless others. Some of them ended their lives, even knowing the absurdity of it all. Still, they decided to speak to the world aloud, in defiance. They were anarchists too, but their world was too indifferent, too dry, too strange. And just like them, you have something to say, don't you, dear reader? I have that too. I simply wrap it in a dreamy, surreal, silky wrapper, while you may use another. Poets may be dead, poems may be churned out by artificial intelligence, and things may feel different, but hope remains. And hope is the last thing we hold on to the divine gift from Pandora's box. Of course, my statements here may anger some, confuse others, or make a few happy. So be honest with your feelings. Don't hide from them.





**DO YOU WANT TO WRITE FOR OUR
MAGAZINE? DO YOU HAVE SOME
TRIPPY AND DREAMY IDEAS IN YOUR
HEAD? ARE YOU TIRED OF THOSE
SCRATCHES? CONTACT US NOW**

As a writer, one always tries to impose meaning some transcendental desire through writing. It becomes a metaphysical way of making sense of the soul. Most writers are drifters, like crows wandering through fog, unsure of what is real and unreal, yet still dreaming. They are not certain whether they are the dreamer or whether we are. Perhaps you are the dreamer, dear reader. But enough babbling. Let's get to the point. Writers love their stories. They work tirelessly on them building characters, fixing mistakes, balancing imagination with research, life, age, and everything in between. Let's imagine this through the lens of a young writer. Most readers here may be Indian, though some may be from other countries, but all of you know the struggles of the Indian publishing world. As a young writer, you have something to tell the world. But so do billions of others. How can you stand out? Can you even finish your book? Why does reality hit so hard?

Are we truly so lost that we no longer produce good writers or good stories? We do have some, of course, but I am speaking of the current stage. It's like in the movies, dear friend let me continue.

Envision yourself as some 17-year-old writer, scribbling down your first story. You're immature, with little knowledge of publishing, but once the book is done you think, "Wow, let's publish it and become famous." But it isn't that simple. There will always be people more privileged than you, no matter how hard you work or how much talent you possess. Years ago, I watched an interview with Kevin Missal (author of the Kalki trilogy and Karna). He said:

"Getting your book published and making it successful is as hard as passing the UPSC exams." In some ways, he was right. You may think that writing ten drafts of your novel over five years will make you perfect. But at the same time, someone richer, with family support, can publish a raw draft polished by a professional editor hired by a famous company, then flood the market with marketing you could only dream of. That's the reality: we play by different rules, but they're not enforced equally.

The Three Models of Publishing

1. Hybrid/Vanity Publishing:

These companies are money sponges for young authors. If you search "how to publish a book in India," you'll likely stumble across them. They don't care about your story. They will promise everything, yet deliver very little. A few may do some real work if you have deep pockets, but their marketing is usually poor.

2. Self-Publishing:

Here, you take full responsibility. In the digital age, it's the most convenient option. Platforms like Amazon KDP, Lulu, and Blurb let you distribute globally. Some Indian companies like Notion Press, BlueRose, and others offer editing, formatting, and cover design. But once they start selling you "plans," they blur the line with vanity publishing.

Self-publishing gives you more royalties, but without marketing skills your book will likely be lost in the noise.

3. Traditional Publishing:

The oldest and most respected system. Here, the company does it all: editing, design, marketing, distribution.

Real traditional publishers never ask for money upfront this is industry standard, as emphasized by the Association of American Publishers (U.S.) and the Society of Authors (U.K.). But breaking into this world is rare. They receive countless submissions and focus more on status and profit than on raw talent. Now that we are aware of the three models, let's see how they work in India. First, we have hybrid companies that ask for money upfront that is their basic rule. Of course, being a writer myself, I am writing this from experience. Some years ago, I came across a few hybrid publishers, 2–3 to be exact. As usual, what I found was that most hybrid publishing companies nowadays are hungry for young writers. They ask for around \$2000, their company name might even start with "orange," and their books are deader than the average self-published book by a struggling author. Clearly, they are just using your money.

Now let's get into self-publishing. Self-publishing is not that bad at least it gives you space. But I believe it is not for everyone, especially not for those who really need support. Unless you are a romantic teen genz boy or girl writing a Bollywood-style love drama, with Instagram reels going viral among Gen Z, then maybe your self-published book could find an audience. But for most, it's not so simple trust me. We are not made for marketing. Do you think the authors you love marketed their books that way? No, they didn't. Still, if you are young and courageous, it's an option. But self-publishing companies also turn into hybrid models once they start offering "plans," and with each expensive plan, your royalty decreases (a vanity approach). As I said, they chase young writers desperately, calling you a billion times. They want your book no matter what. I still get daily calls from these publishers, and I can't stop them.



Now let's get into traditional publishing. It's the dream of every author to be published by a well-known company like Penguin, Rupa, or Bloomsbury, and to get the audience you deserve.

But you may have noticed that even Indian authors (I won't name them) sell "courses" like "how to write a book in 30 days" or "how to be a bestselling writer"

I came across one such author a year ago. She said, "Traditional publishing companies will take at least 5–6 lakhs from you upfront. It's risky for them to accept a book from an unknown author, and you're not SRK or some famous yogi baba or influencer with a fanbase to guarantee profit." Whether she was right or wrong, I can say this: there are indeed great companies, but they also don't want risk. For many, it has become "necessary" for the author to pay upfront.

Now let's get into traditional publishing. It's the dream of every author to be published by a well-known company like Penguin, Rupa, or Bloomsbury, and to get the audience you deserve. But you may have noticed that even Indian authors (I won't name them) sell "courses" like how to write a book in 30 days or how to be a bestselling writer. I came across one such author a year ago. She said, "Traditional publishing companies will take at least 5–6 lakhs from you upfront. It's risky for them to accept a book from an unknown author, and you're not SRK or some famous yogi baba or influencer with a fanbase to guarantee profit." Whether she was right or wrong, I can say this: there are indeed great companies, but they also don't want risk. For many, it has become "necessary" for the author to pay upfront. But why should a young writer in his twenties not deserve to publish his experimental work, just because he is poor? Of course, selection matters.

Many times, as the owner of Book Bakers literary agency said, "Traditional publishing companies don't even look at your submissions." They focus more on status than on quality. The same truth applies to movies. Imagine David Lynch making mainstream films just to fit company demands. Remember, ABC Studios forced Lynch to reveal Laura Palmer's murderer in Twin Peaks Season 2, which led to a decline in viewership. We don't want to take risks and even when we do, we can't do it ourselves. It's as if artists are forced to sell their paintings on the street like beggars.

My second book, which I am still struggling to publish (but will release this year), had a similar story. The first draft abstract, surreal, unconventional, not the type to fit into mythological, psychological thrillers, or crime fiction was accepted by a very famous publisher. I won't name them, at least not now, but they were well-established, with strong distribution and market presence. They called themselves "traditional publishers." I was happy when they agreed to edit and publish my book. But they still needed a large sum of money. I was broke, so I proudly rejected the offer. Months later, I saw wealthier authors, supported by family, with their books topping the market. They worked hard on marketing, yes, but it was money money, money that made it possible. Even Wattpad-style CEO dark romance books find success this way. Another publisher also acted the same, asking me to pay upfront.

I don't know why I wrote all this, but if possible, I will continue this series and explore the topic further. For now, I will keep it short and end with this: you are the dreamer. Your book, your story, deserves a real audience not predators, not wolves in sheep's clothing, but true readers. Only when we fix these flaws and accept reality can we grow stronger. And finally, to those who may find parts of this article wrong or misleading I am sorry. You are equally loved.

Keep dreaming friend!



FEELS LIKE FRENCH ALL DREAMY AND TRIPPY

BLACK & WHITE SWAN

-----SHOWCASE-----

Did you truly wake up this time? The lighter sparks again, perhaps to ignite the cigarette. With a click, the flame forms a chamber.



I find myself within this chamber, and now, everything is ablaze. A real, intense fire, consuming everything.

Its thin orange and blue patterns seem to create a Mandala. I can't tell if my eyes are open or closed, as though I'm no longer inside my body. My spirit has detached from my physical form, yet I remain fully aware everything is burning.

"You know everything is burning, you are fully aware, aren't you, sir?", asked the girl named Saraswati.

I FEEL AS IF I AM SPINNING AROUND AND
AROUND AND AROUND

BLACK & WHITE SWAN



The sun had barely cast its glow, and the moonlight shone through the trees, its rays falling along the silken screens. Between the jasmine and sandalwood, I was surrounded by red roses.

Just red roses all over the ground. I walked further, crimson smoke from my mouth descending over the place. I felt like the sun responsible for the moon's shine, floating in space, and then it turned into a blurred, reddish haze. Suddenly, my leg twitched with harsh coldness. The lines on the back of my palm started vanishing on the cold ground, which had turned into a blurry sea of red blood adorned with rose leaves. The blood reached my thighs; it was painful using my legs as the wheels of a cycle to maintain the fluid's inertia and oscillations. I remembered the horse again. I turned and saw it was no longer a black horse; it had transformed into a unicorn with white skin, pink hair, and a blue spike on its head.





death is the ultimate absurdity of life



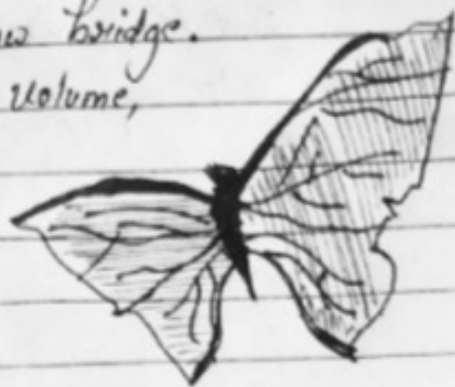
"So what? Some things always overlap," the girl named misa said in her soft yet sibilant voice. She was adorned in a red skirt and a white top made of polyester. Manu, verbally muted, looked into her eyes and then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, formed a gesture of a lotus with his right palm. Misa grinned at his gesture and leaned her face closer to Manu, making many feel her breath. Looking at the lotus sign in his hand, she muttered,

"Do you know what this is?"

How could he speak?

He pursed his lips to form the word "lotus," and understanding his lip movements, she nodded in agreement. There on his chin, she noticed a warm tattoo of a pentagon, dark black. She kissed his tattoo on his face, and manu could feel her dry skin against his warm skin. He closed his eyes while the girl named misa whispered in his ear, "I am the lotus flower."

It was the Smallest interval of time,
Chattering with the tree, in the Hollow bridge.
Replicating the Sparrow, in the same volume,
Nostalgic Glamour, Popside Stage
I ate an apple, feelin' Great



Boom, Boom, Boom, a lady came,
Slowly, Slowly, Slowly, she echoes my name.
Cebulations and Delotions, it's either Supplementary,
We met our bodies, Undoubtedly Complementary.

Meaningless life with a meaningless flesh,
She died today and I don't have any Stress.

Ultimately the period came, Encountering in tandem,
I exist as a student, once a carnivorous peacock,
Phobia of my infection, She cuts off her want,
Told me to vary myself, that I cannot.

Meaningless life with a meaningless flesh,
She died today and I don't have any Stress.

Slaying her exposure, in a brief manner
I killed her irrational existence, in a cold water
Tap Pop Pop, I refuse this Solitude,
Fast, fast, Fast, Dividing lies beside.

Meaningless life with a meaningless flesh,
She died today and I don't have any Stress,

"To the little boy in me, I am the god and you are the goddess. To the little girl in you, you are the goddess and I am the god. To the god in me, I am the little boy to the goddess in you. To the goddess in you, you are the little girl to the god in me"

By John Lilly



One day, you wake up from sleep and find yourself as a rabbit. A white, awkward rabbit, with a strange frown. You're in a cartoon world have you ever watched cartoons, My friend? Maybe, maybe not. But here you are, as a cartoon rabbit in a two-dimensional space. You're ignored, disliked by others, trapped at the number zero in an endless loop.

Then one day, a small black kitten enters your life. You live among ducks who detest you, who have warned you to leave multiple times, yet you stay, used to their rejection.

But now, this black kitten comes to you and says she loves you. Oh, how sweet. How perfect, twin flames united. You vow to heal each other. She agrees.

One day, a duck approaches, yelling at your kitten, scared of her because of you.

"Stay away from the rabbit," the duck warns, but she refuses. "No, I won't, because I love him," she says. "He is my twin flame, bound to me across this strange universe." So, what happens next? The duck kisses your kitten your beloved. You want to kill the duck, but instead, he kills you. You die, an ugly little rabbit, eaten by a duck. And now your kitten is gone, far away, dead too, just as destroyed as you.



"Even you know she's not dead," Saraswati added mystically. "In some different planes, in some different realm, you two are together, or maybe you're searching for yourself, like two lost twin flames. There's a big possibility that she could be your twin flame. Your most treasured book is connected with her, and your inner life is deeply connected with hers. Am I right, Mister Wind-up Bird?" she asked.

"Maybe you are right."

In some different universe, maybe we are together. Or maybe not. It sounds fantastical, but unreal and also real at the same time.

"Right?" asked the girl named Saraswati, as if reading my brain.

"I can't understand anything. My head is spinning," I said. "I may sleep now, it's already 3."

*"Keep talking, and you won't realize when you sleep."
I nodded.*



When you look at the river flowing near the mountain, you may get overwhelmed, but then you forget, you never knew how to swim, so it's really hard for me to contradict this fact too. I try to think about it, and yeah, I've tried to express myself to you as fully as I can in this letter because maybe you are the only person who can help me be aware of that.



anonymous interviews

“How would you feel if you woke up one day and found yourself turned into a black kitten?”

The reply came: “It depends on if the cat is domestic or a street cat.”

“Oh, well, consider yourself a domestic cat, but then you get lost on the streets.

How would you feel then?” I asked.

The only reply was, “Fear.”

“And what if you met a little cute white rabbit?” I asked again.

“I don’t think a friendship would form,” they responded.

“Why not? Do you think the rabbit might be scared of you, or is it just that he doesn’t belong to you according to the universe’s interconnections?” I pressed further.

“I think the rabbit wouldn’t trust me,” was the reply.

“How can you be so sure? Is it your own belief system, or are you just tired of everyone? Maybe you can’t trust yourself, let alone expect others to trust you,” I asked.



“I don’t know, just in my thoughts, the rabbit can’t trust the black cat. About trust, it doesn’t

matter who you trust as long as you don’t reveal the main information,” they answered.

“Interesting. Is it really about the ‘main information,’ or is there something you’re holding inside?” I guessed, thinking that perhaps the rabbit symbolized something deeper.

The reply didn’t come yet, so I let it go.



lord brahma and om dar ba dar

Bablu Babylon se
Babli Telephone se

I'm supposed to sleep, and I'm
supposed to dream. I'm supposed to
die, and I'm supposed to wake up from
a bad dream.

But why did my father lose all his crew
and become an army of ghosts. Dalits
trapped in the box of Brahmins?
Rajasthan is a strange place; there's a
desert, and it's sickeningly hot
everywhere.

But look at my father. Look at my
father and his astrology gimmicks. I
was writing this when my sister was
screaming, "Now I'm 30! Om, why
aren't you going to school?"

I named my son Om because his
Saturn is in the XYZ house, in
Purvabhadra Nakshatra. "Now look at
the houses carefully," he said.

Carefully, he concluded that Om
would die soon and to stop this
precursor, he decided to name his son
Om.

"Okay, I'm Brahma here. I'm calling.
Can you see your red telephone?"

Bablu Babylon se
Babli Telephone se!

Yes! Yes!

"I will name him Om."

"You will name him Om, and even
Yam will not kill your son."

Where is Brahma Ji now?
The call is cut.

Hmm.

"Gopi, I love you, baby. Do you love
me?"

"Yes, Gopi, I was watching that movie."
So here I am, watching that movie and
there are men everywhere. What a sick
theatre, with men everywhere. And the
movie begins.

Is the thought of love a real thought?
You should love a girl. Love is nice and
good.

Hmm, I love you.
Smile, smile, smile.

"Okay, yes, I love you too. How's my
sister?"

Om! Where is the
cycle?

"I threw it off the
island."

Aaaaaaaaaa!

Life is fiction, and life
is Maya.

Meri jaan —

Aaaaaaaaaa!

Pipppp.

Meri jaan — Bbbbbb!

Pipppp.

Meri jaan — Cccccc!

Pipppp.

Look, baby, look. Look
at the yellow cycle,
beautifully adorned
with yellow lights. Do
you want me to be
more articulate?

"Nahi, abhi nahi. Abhi
my frogs are missing."

I can't study. I don't
like studying.

My nose comes near
the alphabets.

I have problems with
my eyesight.

"Dumbo Jumbo!" my
father is screaming.

"You can't do
anything!" my father is
screaming.

"Your name is Om, and
even Yam can't kill
you!" my father is
screaming.

Bablu Babylon se
Babli Telephone se!

"Hello, father, meet
her a woman has
entered our
backyard."

"Her name is?"

"What's your name,
huh? Huh?"

"Okay, we don't know. But
here is a woman with a
ponytail. Her body is adorned
with a tight green dress, as if
she wants to cosplay a frog.
There's a red belt that gives her
the look of a manic pixie
dream girl."

"So tell her to visit Disney
Corporation."

"Out of syllabus."

"So tell her to visit me."

"Hmm."

"Only after she washes her face."

"Okay."

"Hello, I'm an actress from
Times Now India and I love your
works, astrologer. You're pretty
famous, huh? Can you read my
future and guide me, Father?"

Father, Father, look how pretty I
am!"

"10 rupees for a photo,
and 100 rupees for expensive
works."

Hmm.

Okay.

Bablu Babylon se
Babli Telephone se

"She's a porn writer, baby."

"What is porn?"

"Hmm. She writes vulgar
novels."

"Okay, you're Dumbo Jumbo
anyway. So let her do Father's
work."

"Hello Father, I am ready to be
your typewriter."

Type, type, type...

Dear Government,
Please execute Om's breathing
skills.

Thank you.

"Why are you smelling the Taj
Mahal?"

"I'm just flinching."





“Papa, I’m Om, and I’m gonna fail. I don’t wanna show myself.”
 “Om! Where are you going?”
 “To play.”
 “Okay, I’m gonna run away.”
 “You are not an astrologer. I’m the Goddess of Chaos, and Babalon is dancing. You Indian Aleister Crowley!
 And I’m gonna kill you. I’m gonna kill you, witch! Your life is being controlled by a witch, Father!”
 “No, no, Lalaji.”
 “Lalaji is asking you where are the diamonds he gave you to deposit?”
 “Lalaji is eating the diamonds mixed with fruit now.”
 “What will Lalaji do now?”
 “Lalaji will go to excrete his poop and get his diamonds back. But if someone looks at him or Lalaji looks at him his mission will fail.”
 “No, no, Lalaji.”
 “Sure.”
 “Hmm.”
 “Father, don’t shoot her. She’s your wife. She’s not Babalon, and you are not Crowley.”
 Shoot!
 Father is dead, Lalaji.
 “It’s okay, baby. We should break up, I assume.”
 Lalaji is doing latrine in the place where Om was hiding. (This is being said by me I’m a frog, and I’m gonna eat Lalaji’s poop so I can make diamonds inside me, lol.)
 “Okay, Lalaji caught Om!”
 “I didn’t do anything, Lalaji,” he’s saying.
 “Okay, it’s okay. Don’t tell anyone anything.”
 “Okay, Lalaji, I’m catching and stealing your frogs!”

Wow! Diamonds in frogs! Let’s kill Lalaji!
 We’re gonna rock, rock, and kill the frogs till broad daylight!
 Life is fiction, and life is Maya.
 Meri jaan — Aaaaaaaaaa!
 Pipppp.
 Meri jaan — Bbbbbb!
 Pipppp.
 Meri jaan — Cccccc!
 Pipppp.
 “I can’t steal these frogs anymore. I can do breathing tricks, Pandit Ji.”
 “Aree beta, you are my god and Brahma!”
 Oh, my Brahma Ji, I’ve been waiting to worship you, and the tourists will worship you too. You’re pretty famous, and now you’re the brand ambassador of Promise! Pandit Ji is very, very happy, beta.
 “But look at Hanuman Ji he’s looking at a masjid. The Dalits, Pandit Ji the ghosts in the box of Brahmins.”
 “Hmm.”
 Bablu Babylon se
 Babli Telephone se
 “She’s a porn writer, baby.”
 “What is porn?”
 “Hmm. She writes vulgar novels.”
 She ditched you.
 Dear Brahma Ji,
 Om is dead because of his breath-stopping exercises to amuse the tourists, the *Promise* ambassador, Nehru Ji, foreign people, the goats, and the frogs! Well, he can’t transport frogs anymore, so he’s dead. Also, the Indian shaman Crowley is dead.
 To Brahma Ji,
 From Babalon

“Hello baby, I love you. Let’s get back.”
 “You can stay in this room.”
 “There’s a baby — is it yours?”
 “No, he’s paying his rent.”
 “Okay, there are only three great places NASA from America, Russia, and Pushkar. Your father owns satellites. And we are going to become rockets, and we will be executed.”
 One, two, three...
 Bablu Babylon se
 Babli Telephone se
 The diary is quite old. Look at the dates.
 Lemme taste cyanide. It tastes like poop. Ew.
 BOOM!
 He disappeared, she thought.
 He disappeared so lemme take the cycle.
 Om! Where is the cycle?
 “I threw it off the island.”
 Aaaaaaaaaa!
 Okay, now I have some hope away from that nihilist man.
 Lemme become Sisyphus and leave them all. Where is Brahma Ji now?
 The call is cut.